Will: Thompson

From The Author

AN

ODE:

OCCASIONED BY THE

SUCCESS OF ADMIRAL BOSCAWEN.

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By a GENTLEMAN of the UNIVERSITY of OXFORD.

Virtus, repulſæ neſcia ſordidæ,
Intaminatis fulget honoribus. HOR.

LONDON,
Printed for R. BALDWIN, at the *Roſe* in *Pater-noſter Row.* MDCCLIX.

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I.

FROM cloud-capt Tow'rs when lengthening Shades deſcend,
And *Phœbus* ſinks with milder Beams array'd;
Unmindful of the Miſtreſs, or the Friend,
O'er *Iſis'* Banks with careleſs Step I ſtray'd.

II.

When ſtrait appear'd before my wondering Eyes
A Nymph majeſtic and divinely fair,
Who ſeem'd, tho' youthful, venerably wiſe,
And with Sedateneſs wore a chearful Air.

III. Slow

III.

Slow I advanc'd, and trembling wou'd have ſpoke,
But ſoon the lovely Form diſpell'd my Fear,
As from her Lips theſe flowing Accents broke,
And pour'd harmonious on my raptur'd Ear.

IV.

" My Son, (for I am Parent of this Stream)
Is every Spark of Fire poetic dead?
To what far Country is the Thirſt of Fame,
To what bleak Region are the Muſes fled?

V.

How oft with mute Attention have I heard,
Breath'd on my Banks, the Lover's plaintive Song;
While charm'd alike each liſtening Spray appear'd,
And ſcarce my Waves unwilling roll'd along.

VI.

Here too have lofty Deeds in martial Strains
Rous'd all my Soul, while Heroes ſeem'd to lead
Their hoſtile Troops along th' inamell'd Plains,
And join fierce Conflict on myflowery Mead.

VII.

Ev'n now, obedient to fair Fancy's Call,
The godlike Ranks of Warriors old appear,
Determin'd each, to conquer, or to fall,
An honour'd Life, or glorious Death, to ſhare.

VIII.

In Phalanx firm they ruſh upon the Foe,
And wild Uproar, and horrid Rout ſucceeds;
While at ſome fatal Shot, or deſperate Blow,
Perhaps a *Cæſar*, or a *Brunſwick* bleeds.

IX.

Diſcordant Concert of promiſcuous War,
Extorted Shrieks and dying Groans ariſe;
And joining harſh, the grating Trumpet's Jar,
And Cannons' loud Exploſions rend the Skies.

X.

Here, by my *Addiſon*'s immortal Pen,
Unfading Laurels *Blenheim*'s *Hero* gains;
Here *Marlbro'* fights his Battles o'er again,
And wins new Trophies on unſullied Plains.

XI.

Such Scenes have oft my panting Boſom fir'd,
When all my Sons with Emulation ſtrove
To raiſe my Fame, whom martial Heat inſpir'd,
Whom martial Heat inſpir'd, or tender Love.

XII. Such

XII.

Such Scenes . . . . but haſte, the pleaſing Talk renew;
For ſmall Delight the long Remembrance brings;
Draw forth again the Legions to my View,
And raiſe thy Voice to Heroes and to Kings.

XIII.

Again deſcribe the firm uplifted Lance,
And Spear tremendous blazing from afar;
Deſcribe the vaunting Sons of faithleſs *France*,
And *Britons* dreadful as the *God of War*.

XIV.

See, with what Force the ponderous Blade deſcends,
Deſtruction ſure, on each devoted Head;
While low beneath its Weight the Victim bends,
And breathleſs falls among th' unnumber'd Dead.

XV.

Hark! the hoarſe Guns in thundering Vollies ſound,
Dire Engines, form'd for Havock and for Death!
See, how they hurl ſad Deſolation round,
And ſweep whole Ranks, whole Squadrons, at a Breath!

XVI.

Nor leſs, proud *Gallia*, where thy Navies play,
Britannia thunders o'er the ſubject Wave;
Nor Tears, nor Prayers, nor Vows, avail to ſtay
Thy vanquiſh'd Thouſands from an early Grave.

XVII.

The giant Veſſel's knotty oak-ribb'd Side,
Th' unequal War unable to ſuſtain,
Gaping in horrid Chaſms, admits the Tide,
And found'ring plunges in the op'ning Main.

XVIII.

And mark, at length, their broken ſad Remains,
(For future Wrath reſerv'd, a ſhatter'd Few)
Confus'dly flying o'er the watery Plains,
While *Britain*'s ſlaughter-dealing Sons purſue.

XIX.

'Wake then, O, 'wake to Glory, 'wake to Fame,
Nor ſighing ſay ſuch ſplendid Scenes are paſt:
The Verſe that flows with great BOSCAWEN's Name,
With Time itſelf, and his Renown, ſhall laſt.

XX.

Of ancient Valour fled no more complain,
Of Worthies fall'n each gloomy Thought diſpell;
For ſay, ſince *Britiſh Heroes* rul'd the Main,
As well who counſell'd, or who fought as well?

XXI.

Tell then my Sons to ſmite the ſounding Lyre,
To brave BOSCAWEN tune their nobleſt Lays;
His Deeds ſhall every manly Breaſt inſpire,
Each infant Tongue ſhall liſp the Hero's Praiſe.

XXII.

Quick ſpeed thy Way, th' important Meſſage bear,
My Orders bid each willing Bard perform;
Bid them like Fate proclaim in *Gallia*'s Ear,
"HE wields the Thunder, and directs the Storm."

FINIS.